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No. 345.

OLD SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY CHAS. MORRIS.

"It fills my mind with deep consarn,"
He said, and rubbed his pate;
"There's side a grist of things to larn,
At the T'p's—"

"His roots in Greek and Latin vars
Make one feel like a fool;
There were no such outlandish vars
The days I went to school.

"Our master weren't college bred;
His brains he hadn't worn.
By studying 'Arrin' in his head
Like I do, I rigg with confidance,
At school, 'twas I was theistic;
He were a famous hand;
And educating by the stick,
Ah! didn't he understand!

"He licked the floggers into me
Till I grew mighty peart,
And even at the rule of three
I weren't to be skeart.
I was a right cut spell'r too—
You makin' with your arm;
One soon forgets the most he knew
A-wraslin' with a farm.

"I'll bet a cow Tom couldn't bound
T'k: State of Maine like me;
Nor on a map go sailin' round
The everlasting sea,
A-pickin' out the capes and bays
As they are, can;
Nor tell how many miles there lays
Twix Jersey and Japan.

"And then when school was over
We had a royal time!
It makes my old feet twinkle now
To think how they could climb,
And run, and swim like all possessed—
Now, marn, you needn't frown,
The schoolmarm has got their best
To make me settle down.

"I recollect the day we played
On Dasey Jones' lot,
When all the cows and horses strayed—
The lickin' that we got!
And, marn, you know I like fun
My own share and yurn, too;
They were the days I first began
A-sneakin' arter you.

"The way that stold that latherin'
Was something to be seen;
Ah! if it could be done ag'in
I wouldn't be so green.
Now, marn, sit still! don't lift your stool
So nervous and bold;
Our Tom—yes, he shal go to school
Before the week is old."

BIG GEORGE,
The Giant of the Gulch:
OR,
THE FIVE OUTLAW BROTHERS.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "LITTLE VOLCANO, THE BOY MISTER," "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A NIGHT AT THE "TEMPLE."

"There's no place like the 'Temple' positively to serve hot-legged Cornerside admiring the head upon his whisky-striaght as he replied to an observation of the little man with the carbuncled nose. 'The boys have made up under to mind to work the thing up in style,' said the little man, 'and set out short with an angry curse as Cornerside felt himself thrust unconsciously aside—so rudely in fact that the glass fell from his hand and the golden liquor was wasted upon the sawdust-covered floor. The insulted digger instinctively grasped his ever ready revolver—but the hot flush of anger gave place to a sickly grin, as he recognized the face upturned to him, and heard the words:

'You're old enough an' ugly enough to know better manners. Legs. Next time you see a gentleman comin', you jest stomp your gainly karkidge outen the way—you can't talk.'

The tone deep and sonorous, contrasted ludicrously with the size of the speaker, who, standing on tiptoes, would still have lacked several inches of reaching four feet in height. Head and trunk were thin, but a well-ribbed body of medium height; to this were attached limbs proportioned to a chunky child of six, or thereabouts.

"I didn't know you was comin', Little Pepper," stammered Cornerside, evidently ill at ease, while his brilliant-nosed friend dexterously slipped behind the door.

"Ephraim Pepper, exquise—none o' your nicknames when you're dressin' gentlemen. Lengthy—don't you forget it!" growled the dwarf, as he shambled across the room, the rough-clad miner losing no time in opening a passage for his mightiness.

"I didn't know you was comin', Little Pepper," he said.

"The gal is thar—she'll show up to-night, sure!" said Little Pepper, smacking his lips over his liquor.

"They ain't no mistake—you're sure it's the 'one'!" eagerly uttered Big George, a red glow filling his eyes.

"Am I a fool? Don't I know B from a bull's foot?" angrily growled the dwarf. "Next time you want me, I'll take care o' you!"

Before the curtain rose again for the third act, Big George kept the waiters busy responding to his calls.

"An unquenchable fire seemed consuming him, and he poured down glass after glass of whisky with an eagerness that astonished even his brothers."

"Some feller's goin' to git a benefit to night," shrewdly remarked Poker Dan, to his pard. "Look at that overgrown cuss a-stowin' away the front door."

"Little Pepper broke the charm, and then a wild burst of applause followed, the orchestra strung up a lively air, and the fair artiste responded with an Irish song, the audience surfeeted with first.

Before the curtain rose again for the fourth act, Big George kept the waiters busy responding to his calls.

"An unquenchable fire seemed consuming him, and he poured down glass after glass of whisky with an eagerness that astonished even his brothers."

"Never fear, Nell—I don't mean to rape up the act. You played me a dirty trick that time, but I squared it all on him—don't count girls, besides, they're all crooked."

"I've got a choice game in my eye—no offense to you," he said.

"Estelle, I suppose," a little sharply replied Nell.

"I've heard of that little bit of business at Sacramento, and I'm surprised to hear you say it first."

"Where is she?" he demanded, overlooking the quip.

"Dressing for the afterpiece; that comes next, or the scene in the woman in the waiting-room—she always manages to be there when Mack comes in from the trapze."

"Who's he?" quickly demanded Big George, the fire springing up anew in his eyes.

"You'd better ask her—he—no doubt she'll be glad to give you an introduction," laughed Nell, as she slipped away, adroitly eluding his outstretched hand.

"I'll ask her!" he grated, viciously. "And let her look to her answer! If there's anything between them, say pretty," he added, calling to a scantily-dressed girl to bring her to the greenroom, will you?"

"With pleasure, sir," she replied, flashing through her mind. "You might get lost, alone, little one. Here we go together—both, show me where to find the greenroom, will you?"

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my cabin, and we will get rid of one man who would betray us."

CHAPTER XIII.
AN OUTLAW EXECUTION.

ANTONIO, the Mexican, was a sub-officer under the Hermit Chief, and commanded the stronghold defenses; hence he was willing that Martin should be executed, so as to turn the tide of wrath from himself.

He therefore at once departed to obey the orders of his chief, and left alone with the old man, the doomed bandit implored him for mercy, and made a full confession of the facts of the case.

But the old Hermit Chief cruelly laughed in his face, and snorted forth:

"How did he get his arms from this cabin? tell me that, sir traitor!"

"I know not, chief; I have told you the whole truth."

But in vain the man pleaded, for the Hermit Chief knew no such word as mercy, and the people of the stronghold beginning to assemble, poor Martin ceased his entreaties, and tried to become calm and indifferent to his fate.

Soon all were assembled, a motley group of men, women and children, among whom were Americans, Irish, Mexicans, Germans, negroes and Indians.

With the women were a few miserable-looking whites, some of them captives, perhaps, dragged down to a life of crime, and a few who had followed their evil husbands into outlawry; but the most of the females were Indian squaws.

In high glee, for they reveled in bloodshed, the wild crowd came together, and with eager looks feasted their appetites for the horrible upon the pale, but now calm, face of the doomed guard.

"Antonio, pick out your men, and when I give the signal let that traitor meet his just fate."

"Yes, señor."

The condemned man was then led to one side, and placed with his back toward the cliff; the crowd forming three sides of a hollow square with that promptness and discipline which frequent experience in a like deadly drill had taught them.

"Now, traitor, beg for your life," called out the old Hermit Chief, still comfortably seated in his easy chair.

"I will not give you the pleasure of hearing me beg for the life which I have made a curse to myself," firmly responded the outlaw.

"Hai! he has pluck, then. Antonio, watch my signal."

"Yes, señor."

Erect and defiant stood the condemned man, his eyes gazing as it were far into the past, and his face brave and stern.

Raising his hands, the old chief glanced first at the half dozen riflemen, selected as the executioners, and then upon the victim.

Then with a loud clap his hands came together, and a volley of firearms followed.

Without a moan, or a word, Martin, the outlaw guard, fell dead, just as Ione dashed rapidly up, her horse covered with sweat and foam.

"What means this execution, father?" she said, hastily.

"Why have you returned so soon, Ione?" evasively answered the chief.

"I was chased back by a band of mounted Sioux."

"Ha! how many, girl?"

"About half a hundred."

"No need for us to fear them, but—"

"Father, why has Martin been executed? He was one of the best men in the band."

"So I believed him; but he proved a traitor and aided the prisoners to escape," and the chief told Ione of the occurrence on the outpost, and the death of the other guard.

"Still he might have been innocent," urged the maiden.

"No, he stole the scout's arms from my room."

"What! have you forgotten you made me a present of those weapons?" and Ione's face turned pale.

"By Heaven! you are right, girl. Still, I am confident that the guard was a traitor."

"I do not believe it; the escape of Prairie Pilot was certainly most mysterious; but I do not believe one person in this camp aided him," and Ione entered the cabin, feeling sad at the thought that her having taken the scout's arms to him had caused the execution of a man who was doubtless guiltless of the crime of which he was charged.

Though for years the occupant of an outlaw camp, Ione was not evil at heart, for she hardly knew the enormities committed by the band, and believed rather what the old chief told her, that he and his men were a persecuted set.

Thus believing, and feeling that her father knew best, Ione did all she could for the good of the band, and in her spectral masquerade was wont to spy out the movements of trains and find out the strength of settlements, believing that it was a just war that was waged.

As she grew older she had her misgivings, and would frequently converse with her brother Ralph upon the subject; but he was won to say:

"We were once far different, Ione, when we were mere children; but I can not remember all the past."

"Our father is kind to us, and he has been driven from civilization—why, I know not, so let us do all we can to cheer him."

"He will not last long, for he is failing, and I fear some crime rests heavy upon him."

"When he is gone we will give up this wild, outlaw life, and together seek a home where we are unknown, and can live in quiet, respected by those around us."

This conversation would cheer Ione, and somehow, Ralph would feel better after it, for though he was a stern leader, and a dashing, fearless fellow, he had never been cruel, and seemed to shun acts of cruelty.

Of late he had been strangely remiss in leading raids, and his men wondered at the change coming over their youthful leader.

Still, he was a severe disciplinarian, and knew that his lawless band must be ruled with a hand of iron, or they would bring ruin upon themselves, and therefore there was no unbending of his nature toward his followers, who feared him almost as much as they did his grim old father.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 340.)

In the presence of an enemy be on your guard, and while devoutly trusting in God, "keep your powder dry!" The light and power of a just life will shine through the cloud of a slander and dispel it. A habitually-careful conduct will naturally secure the present and provide for the dangers of the future. "The truth is always consistent with everything true; while error is inconsistent, alike with the truth and with itself." Hence, he who acts correctly from day to day need never fear what the future may bring forth.

RUTHLESS.

BY HENRI MONTGOMERY.

The soldier bared his strong right arm. "Now, do your worst," cried he; "You've tried your power upon my bride, but I'll show you mine three: Think you I fear your coarsest steel! Not one word on me!"

The torturer drew his two-edged knife; His victim fiercely eyed; Then placed the poison on the blade; "Move but a hair," he cried. "And never shall you move again; For death shall be your bride."

The sharp steel pierced the quivering flesh. Then shrieked in agony. That soldier brave. His torture He did with blinding glee; Then raised his hand on high—"Now pay Your vaccination fee!"

Under the Surface:
OR,
MURDER WILL OUT.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "MABEL VANE,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

CLIMATE AND SUNSHINE.

AND this very day, Fred, the commission appointed to search the premises for the will meet here to begin the work! Oh! Heaven, that such a cloud should so suddenly envelope me!"

Up and down the room Clinton Craig strode nervously and excitedly.

Fred Ashe, calm and quiet, opened not his mouth. He gazed silently, sadly out of the window; but he was not indifferent to his friend, who was suffering such tortures of mind. The young man was thinking; so he preferred to say nothing.

"Oh, Heaven, Fred!" again broke in the young man. "She has turned against me! She whom I so fondly loved. She has heard of my altered fortunes, and, heartless, pitiless, has steeled her heart, and set her face against me."

"And I tell you, Clinton Craig, I thank God for it!" suddenly exclaimed the doctor. "If this woman has, indeed, turned her back on you—and you know not positively that she has—I tell you, my dear fellow, you have made a lucky escape even at the loss of an immense fortune. Nay, let me speak, Clinton. I love you, my friend, and you know it. Minerva Clayton is a deep woman, one of many wiles and schemes, one whose ambition to be wealthy is as unscrupulous as it is unboundable! She loved you, Clinton, for your expected moneys—as she would love me, or any one else possessing enough of this world's love to attract her. But, hold!—I will speak! Minerva Clayton's love for you was engendered—by old Thompson Floyd's piles of gold and silver—by his factories and his mills. Again I say, Heaven be praised if such indeed be the case, that you are rid of her! You are young, Clinton; you are active and vigorous; you are proud and self-reliant; and though unaccustomed to look necessity in the face, yet I doubt me not but that you can easily carve a way for yourself. And, Clinton, should the worst be realized, why, though I am not over-blessed with worldly goods and chattels, yet what I have, I'll share with you."

"God bless you, my dear friend!" exclaimed young Craig, seizing the physician's hands in his. His voice was husky with emotion as he said:

"But, Fred, you inspire me with a noble ambition. I will not be a burden on you. Should necessity come upon me, I will work! I will carve my way, and prove to Minerva Clayton that I am worthy of her!"

"You are more than worthy of her! Take my advice, my dear boy, and let Minerva Clayton pass from your mind."

"Oh! Fred! I cannot yet! I cannot resign her without a struggle. I must see her and talk with her: I must appeal to her and hear from her own lips her rejection of me! Oh! Heaven! I cannot, will not believe it!"

"Appeal to her!" muttered Fred Ashe, almost with a hiss. "Humiliate yourself before her! Never, Clinton, or, by heavens, I'll be ashamed of you!"

"Fred! Fred! you almost craze me. You know not what love is!"

Like lightning Dr. Ashe seized his friend by the wrist, and glared at him with a strange look. But he slowly relaxed his hold as he said in a low voice, while he laughed a quiet, soft laugh:

"You know me not, my friend! I am under the impression that I, pretty exactly, understand what love is; for—Well, let that pass. You only heed my advice concerning Minerva Clayton, an—"

"I cannot, Fred! I must see her once more. Then, if she, alas! says no! all will be over; and with God's help I'll be myself again!"

"I'll counsel you no further against your will, Clinton. I did not wish to see you humiliated. Perhaps, however, if you can have your own way in this affair it will be best. But what you do, take my advice and do at once."

"This very day, Fred! Stand by me, Ione alone—"

"Doubt me not, Clinton," interrupted the young physician, earnestly.

For a long time the two young men sat without speaking, each one communing with himself. A half-hour passed thus, when Dr. Ashe turned slowly toward his friend, and, in a low, distinct voice, said:

"I have been thinking of this matter, Clinton, and I have come to the conclusion that Algernon Floyd knows something about it; he may know something about his uncle's suicide."

"What mean you, Fred?" asked the other, quickly, the dark shade of a suddenly awakened suspicion passing like lightning over his face.

"I mean simply what my words imply," was the quiet reply.

"No; you do him wrong, Fred. Let justice be done even to him, for his testimony, volunteered before the alderman, released me from an ugly predicament."

"Ay! and himself from the strong grasp of the law, my friend," said the young physician, calmly. "That testimony was intended to cover up the duel, to shield himself. Perhaps the fellow had other motives, too."

Fred Ashe looked grave.

"I shudder at what your words imply, Fred. What Algernon Floyd knows of my adopted father's will—should he have left one—I can't say; but I am sure he was never in the confidence of his uncle. He seldom had access to the library where the old gentleman kept his papers. I, myself, was present a few days ago when the final search was made; and, what is more, since Algernon's return to the mansion, a policeman has guarded the door to

the library. Algernon Floyd could not have entered that room."

There was a pause. The doctor looked perplexed. "As to Algernon's knowing aught of the poor old man's sudden death I cannot believe; for on the fatal afternoon when my father went away so mysteriously, never to return, I saw Algernon hastening down Chestnut street. And that at a late hour."

Still the doctor mused. At length he looked up.

"Yes; you are right, Clint," he said. "Of course that circumstance clears him. May Heaven forgive me for my sins against the fellow! They were dark enough!"

Just then a rap sounded on the door; and almost immediately the tall form of Algernon Floyd flung a shadow into the room. He started slightly as he saw Dr. Ashe, but quickly recovering himself, he bowed and said, stiffly:

"The commission has arrived, Mr. Craig, and, as you are interested, your presence is requested at the search. If Dr. Ashe," he continued, turning to that gentleman, "will not consider it too irksome, I would be pleased if he, likewise, would be present."

The physician bowed his acknowledgments, and accompanied the others from the room.

It was difficult to suppose that Algernon Floyd was interested in the search, which was about to take place; for his tone was almost icy coolness, and there was nothing whatsoever about him to indicate the least excitement.

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A GREAT WORK!

Striking in Power, Unequaled in Novelty, Remarkable in Personality and Enthralling in Story!

THE RED CROSS;

OR,
The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland.

A STORY OF ONE OF THE THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

A story of one of the thirty shekels for which Judas Iscariot sold the Savior, and yet a story of to-day.

One of the coins finds its way down through generations to entail on its possessors, in some shape, a curse.

That curse is the Mystery here evolved in a story of intense and weird interest and most strange associations and development.

Only an artist of consummate skill and exalted power could have conceived and wrought out this truly splendid romance.

It will be read with eager attention, and command more notice than anything which has appeared in the popular press for ten years!

We shall follow Mr. Clark's story of adventures in Ceylon, now delighting the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, with Oil Coomes' narratives of his own and comrades' experience and exploits as amateur hunter and sportsman, in the buffalo and antelope ranges of the wild West. Under the guise of

ADRIFT ON THE PRAIRIE,

he gives many an episode of the real life that adventurers participate in, out there, and as all is told in his usual agreeable and original style the series of papers will be received with much delight.

Sunshine Papers.

A Word for Girl-Artists.

I WONDER if the young girl readers of the JOURNAL, who delight to pore over its pages, and imagine themselves the heroines of its romances, and wish they lived in as lovely homes, ever think how much they can do toward making their own surroundings beautiful, at the cost of trifling trouble and daily expenditure of a little time. For it is not the price paid in money which constitutes the worth and beauty of our surroundings; and every girl who has fifteen spare minutes a day, and an appreciation of what is pretty and graceful, can become a veritable artist in producing pleasing effects within her room or her home. Not frequently have I seen the sitting-room of a little cottage, or a boarding-house bedroom, occupied by some young lady who told through the day to earn her living, more exquisitely charming in the daintiness of its inexpensive ornamentation than the costly appointments of almost palatial salons.

And this taste for ornamentation, this appreciation of what is full of grace and beauty, is what every girl should cultivate. It will enhance her health, her spirits, and her appearance; for nothing so adds to and prolongs a woman's charms as an idealistic and cultivated nature—a soul that can see and respond to every bit of lovely coloring and dainty outline with which it comes in contact, even upon the walls of her home. I have no sympathy with those prosaic, heartless people who go through the world with an air of resenting the beauty with which God has lavishly endowed it, regarding personal adornment as a sin, fancy-work as a waste of time, ornaments and pictures as trash! Heaven help the young who are trained under such influences, for most of the glory is quenched from their lives. Let girls have the highest possible education, let them be familiar with all manner of useful work, let them make their lives as practical and purposeful as they may, but never frown on the minutes they spend over dainty, pretty occupations. Such delicate employments are, often, as much of a relaxation and rest, after hours spent in study, or household duties, or care of children, or a day at business, as an hour of sleep, or a walk through a hall of pictures. Go on, young ladies, with your knitting, and crocheting, and embroideries; your tidiess, and toilet-sets, and paintings; so long as you are of some still greater use in life, you need not scorn to satisfy the wants of the artistic elements within you by gratifying your fingers and eyes over your pretty ornaments.

But, say the girl-artists who have the very least time and means, how shall we adorn our rooms? First, keep them scrupulously clean, and neat, and filled with pure, sweet air. Then ask some friend who has flowers for a clipping of ivy, lobelia, begonia, or any vine. A slip of ivy planted either in water or mould, in a tiny vase, a glass, or a shell, and set under a picture or the mirror, will grow with very little care; and with some pins, bits of thread, and the expenditure of five minutes' time, once or twice a week, may be trained quite all around the frame, or around the frame-work of a door or window, or about the walls of a room. Then you would have a beautiful, graceful object ever before your eyes. We have seen some

college-boys' rooms that were perfect bowers, with ivies trailing all along the walls and around pictures and windows. A slip of many varieties of flowers will grow and bloom charmingly in a vial of water; while a pot of any drooping foliage is a pleasant thing to look upon, when standing quite by itself on a little table or bracket. A glass or vase, kept full of anything fresh and green, but if a few feathered blades of grass, or a tiny bunch of leaves, is an adornment to a room. And pictures, no matter how small and inexpensive, or how rusticly framed, if prettily grouped, are a joy to the eye and food for the wandering thoughts; and every ingenious girl can frame small pictures in numerous ways; with straws and ribbons, with cigar-lighters and wools, with bits of spruce boughs, with fantastic frames of pith, with cones, and rice, and shells, and beans, and sealing-wax, and wafers, or with the simple plate of glass and narrow paper binding that picture-dealers call *passe partout*. A clean towel can be kept over bureaux and wash-stand, and dainty toilet articles made from boxes and a bit of Swiss muslin and ribbon.

Another source of adornment that no one should overlook in the summer and fall seasons, may be found in any walk through the fields and woodland, the parks and cemeteries. There are inexhaustible stores of beauty, and facilities for artistic combinations, in ferns, and leaves, and dried grasses, and autumn vines.

Long wreaths of the clematis, cut when the flowers are in bud and stripped of the green leaves, flung over a picture frame, or across a door or window, will soon burst into clusters of fleecy bloom that will remain unchanged through the winter; and clusters and vines of the bright bitter-sweet berries, gathered in November, will outlast a season and enliven even so desolate a room. A spray of handsome autumn leaves pressed, *en masse*, until thoroughly dry, and then fastened with a pin against the wall, under a picture, or upon the center panel of a door, or upon a white window shade, is as exquisite in grace and color as a painting.

A group of autumn leaves and pressed ferns arranged upon a door, with pins, has proved a charming study to the writer through an entire year; while, with finest wire, the single leaves may be arranged in fairy garlands, and flung from wall to wall, up and down the picture-cords, and all down the curtains. Vases may be crowded with immortelles, and dry ferns and leaves, and grasses, until one can imagine themselves surrounded by summer breezes and perfumes; and a little shallow basket filled with moss and planted with the delicate pressed ferns, will keep a wavy bit of woodland in a room all through the wintry weather.

Keep your eyes open to the beauties Mother Nature lavishes freely upon us all, and without any outlay of hardly-earned wages every girl-artist among you can transform her home into a dainty picture. And upon those who try rest the dainty wishes of A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

HIDDEN TREASURES.

SITTING in my sanctum one bright day in the gladsome, gleesome summer, puzzling my brains—so called by courtesy—for some subject to write upon, the door of the room opened and my little nephew Henry entered, singing the words:

"Ever since the days of Captain Kidd
The Yankees think there's money hid."

and then, looking eagerly up into my eyes, said: "Where do you suppose Captain Kidd did hide his treasures?"

I told him that that was a query which had puzzled wiser heads than mine, but that I believed I knew where people could find money and treasures without digging into the earth for them.

This excited Henry's curiosity, and so I will say the same—at least its substance—to my friends, young and old, as I said to him.

There is more time and money wasted in this search for hidden treasure than will ever come back to the searchers. The trouble with us is that we don't search in the right place to find it. We look too far away and never think of home. We imagine the treasure is concealed in some cavern, while all the time it is hidden in ourselves. There is money in us, else why were we endowed with powers to work, to form plans and to carry them out successfully? Each of us has been endowed with some peculiar talent, and it is not meant for us to hide it. Each one's talent is an aid to another's, just as one business is a help to another's business. Were we all blessed—would it be blessing?—with the same talent, there would be too much of the same article in the market, so the Almighty has wisely conferred upon us different kinds of talent in order that man's harmony may prevail among us.

Did you ever think what a wonderful thing imagination is—it can conjure up images to the poet, the artist and the author that the world will look on and admire? Surely one who has a vivid imagination must be possessed of a treasure that will bring him in the "needful." Yet, were all artists to paint alike, were all poets and authors to express themselves in the same style, or even were people to write alike, paintings would be a drug in the market; we would soon weary of the effusions of the poets and authors. Thus, we have beings endowed with talents, yet of different kinds.

How wrong and wicked it does seem for those who have these talents to hide them from us, never to let the world know of them, never to add their mite to the happiness and sunshine around us. Sometimes a few written words, which we hastily pen, may carry comfort to some sorrowing one, may illumine the dark path of a brother wayfarer and carry a sunbeam of joy to one whose courage was all but gone. I do believe that many a kindly-written word has saved a would-be suicide a crime and taught him to lead a better life and to take more courage and not think to end his troubles by ending his life.

There are so many avenues open whereby one can gain an honest living without digging and delving into the earth, wouldn't it be better for us to put our shoulder to the wheel and bring forth the treasures that lie within ourselves? Surely the ability to work—whether with the brain or hands—is a treasure, and an almost princely one.

And these same avenues are not closed to the youngsters, either. There is work for them to do. Many a boy has paved his way to a lucrative business by the owning and working a small printing-press. These presses are cheap and useful, and really some of the work done on them are fine specimens of art. Young girls have made much money with the sewing-machine and had more time for other things than they would if the work was done by hand, as in former days.

What if work is hard? Haven't you the satisfaction of knowing that you will be paid for your labor when it is completed? It is hard work to dig in the earth after treasures that Capt. Kidd is supposed to have hidden, and harder still not to find any. Think of how much time has been spent in this manner, that might have been more profitably employed.

How much labor has been wasted that might have been used for a better purpose! We are too apt to pass the treasures by which lie right before us and dig in caverns dark; and, for our pains, bring nothing to light. Live in the light and don't grope in the dark. The treasures God has given us to use are brains and muscles.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

1976.

LAST night while I was lying in deep mathematical thought, seriously trying to find out if ten cows and ten sheep added together make twenty cows or twenty sheep, I lost myself in the profundity of figures, and before I was conscious of it I went to sleep like a little lamb.

When I awoke, to my surprise I found I had slept a little longer than I generally want to, and that my almanac said it was 1976, or just one hundred years later. I was really startled at the discovery, and badly troubled because I had promised in the next morning to pay my tailor, and I would not have broken my word for anything with him.

I found the spirit of progress had been very active during my little nap, and many changes had taken place.

No man was obliged to work for a living; he boarded at his neighbor's.

A man could talk four thousand words in a minute and his wife could go him one or two thousand better.

By a singular pencil fixed upon an orator's tongue his speech was immediately written down as it was uttered just from his tongue; a great saving.

A bona-fide poetry-writer, on the principal of a type-writer, was in the possession of everybody, and rhymes went off by the mile, and the beauty of it was nobody was obliged to read them.

Everybody was a mind-reader, and young men were saved the trouble of waiting two or three years to find out how much their sweethearts were thinking of them.

When a man lost his appetite there were shops where he could go and get measured for a ready-made one, equally as good as the old one. Assorted sizes kept constantly on hand.

A perfect sytem had been invented for getting into the house at night without your wife knowing you had been out at all, and keeping you awake the balance of the night to make all sorts of excuses, good or bad.

People wore ear-trumps so finely adjusted that you could hear just what your neighbors were saying about you—a pleasant pastime.

A bed-bug exterminator had been invented, and in a good many families had almost proved a success.

The old way of sticking shirt-buttons on with mucilage was abolished, and every shirt would have at least two or three buttons on when they came from the washwoman's.

The accommodating dentist would always pull your aching teeth during your absence down-town.

Your country friends coming to visit you wouldn't bring more than one or two of their neighbors along, with a broken dozen of eggs and a short pound of butter, and they never stayed longer than they wanted to.

Persons who were hung were always brought to afterward, so that a great deal of the inconveniences of hanging were avoided.

The looser men's pants grew the tighter; pull-back skirts grew until the pants finally became skirts and the skirts became pants, and that was the fashion of the day.

A new way of paying debts without money had been invented, and no man had a right to dun you with a shot-gun, under pain of death; so a creditor didn't get more invitations to call again than even your best friend, as it is now.

Street-cars were made of Indian rubber so there was always room for one more, as the Mores would remark, and the family had become more numerous than the Smiths.

A man falling from a roof had a perfect right to call out to them to spread a mattress below.

If a man should happen to fall and injure his reputation there were shops handy where he could get it repaired and make it even better than it was.

Hired-girls always stayed more than a week.

You could almost believe what your neighbor said.

They had invented a kind of hash which good many people could eat, and it didn't look like it had been manufactured at the wig-makers.

You were not obliged to wear goggles unless you wanted to.

A hole in your stocking was not considered a conventional necessity.

When you married you did not have to marry the old lady and old man and the rest of the girls.

A milliner didn't put more money than flowers on a bonnet, and the tailor would make a coat almost in the way you would tell him.

A man had a cast-iron effigy to which he would set book-agents and life-insurance men talking, and they had been known to last a year without wearing out.

Ladies in church all carried hand looking-glasses for the purpose of looking at others behind them, and apartments were in every church for the accommodation of worshippers who desired to sleep their sins off.

Nobody needed an education, for every man had a diamond encyclopedia with him for all reference, and a man was allowed to tell just as many truths as he could.

After a man died he had the privilege of walking to his own funeral and mourning with the rest.

It really seemed to me to be a delightful state of affairs, and the only thing that marred my pleasure was the terrible fact that I had not had a chance to pay my tailor the next morning after I had gone to sleep away back in 1876. It haunted me.

Some one hammered on my door and waked me up. It had been a dream. I went to the door and found my tailor. He said he had asked me fifty times to settle, but I could only recall forty-eight times, and we raised a dispute, and I am afraid he will be a bad witness.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

WISDOM is not an entertainment taken up for delights, or to give a taste to our leisure;

but it fashions the mind, governs our actions, tells us what we are to do, and what not. It sits at the helm and guides us through all hazards; nay, we cannot be safe without it, for every hour gives us occasion to make use of it. It informs us in all the duties of life, piety to our parents, faith to our friends, charity to the miserable, judgment in counsel; it gives us *praise* by fearing nothing, and riches by coveting nothing. Wisdom is the right use of knowledge. To know how to use knowledge is to have wisdom.

Topics of the Time.

—A mathematical genius estimates that the Methodists give forty-three cents a member for foreign missions, the Presbyterians a little more, the Baptists a little less, and the Episcopalians thirty-eight cents.

—Color is used as a remedy in an insane asylum in Alexandria, Italy. Dr. Ponza, the physician in charge, says that he puts melancholy lunatics into red rooms, and violent maniacs into blue rooms, the results being astonishingly satisfactory.

—The Illinois Second Adventists are looked upon as frauds. They predicted the end of the world in October, and as soon as there was a fall in the price of coal they commenced to put in their winter's stock of fuel.

—Valenciennes lace is the most fashionable, and is used on everything; dresses, hats, under-wear, and even on the bows of slippers. In real imitation it is universally used, and those who have handsome patterns of old Valenciennes have the wherewithal to make a dress or hat very stylish and beautiful, if used tastefully.

—The party in the village store believed Mr. Darling when he said that he rigged a two-wheeled truck under a broken-backed sow, so that she could get around as well as before the accident; but their confidence in his word was shaken when he said that her next litter of pigs were born with similar trucks under them.

—A Chinese bedstead at the Centennial Exhibition is covered with a canopy which presents panels of embroidered silk of great beauty. In the night the light in the room would show through the transparent background, and relieve the representations of Chinese story pictures on the silk. The price of this bedstead is only \$3,000. One certain *is* a marvelous piece of work for a "bachelor," and we hope some good Christian will buy it if only to keep the heathen

AUTUMN.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Down the rows bend and bow
Their homage to the queen with voice so sweet.
Ahl she with wheat-ears bound about her brow,
Hath all things rich and fair about her feet.

Right queenly is her face.
The blood of purple grapes has stained her lips;
Her cheeks like ruddy apples in their grace;
Her glorious eyes put summer sunsets in eclipse.

With free and lavish hand
She scatters wide her wealth to all who need,
And makes glad hearts and homes throughout the land.
And proves, by generous gifts, she is a queen indeed.

She hangs her banners out
Along the woods, in crimson garnishment,
Whilst forest leaves drop down, her feet about,
With criss brown stubble and the sere grass blent.

The nuts drop at her tread.
From the lith branches, with a rustling sound,
And squirrels leap from bough to bough o'erhead,
Right glad to hear their treasures falling to the ground.

The golden-red, abloom
Upon the hillside, trembles in the wind,
While honey-bees hum through its yellow plume,
And seek some trace of summer-sweets to find.

The clustering wild grapes turn
Their sweet cheeks to the sun, and woo his kiss;
The apple trees like yellow bonfires burn,
While far-off hills are swathed in amber mist.

The bluebird's song is sad:
Perhaps he thinks of summer gone away,
When all the world was beautiful and glad,
And so his song is one of minor note to-day.

Fruition heralds death.
The flowers, the dreams, the hopes that made us glad,
And friends we love, must share the dying year's decay.

Great Adventurers.

DE SOTO,
Discoverer of the Mississippi.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

HERNANDO DE SOTO's experience with Pizarro well qualified him for leading an expedition in quest of other nations to conquer—other do minions to invade with slaughter and ruin. Nor was it difficult, with the vast spoils which he bore home from Peru, to command from the Emperor, Charles V., all necessary authority for his work. We are told by a "Gentleman of Elvos" (Evora A. D. 1557) who was a participant in De Soto's final adventure, that, going to Cuba, when Arias was governor, he had but his sword and target, but for his good qualities was made captain of horse, and by the governor's command went with Pizarro; but that by his valor he exceeded all other persons; for which cause, the narrator adds, "besides his part of the treasure of Atabola (Atahualpa) he had good share, whereby in time he gathered a hundred and four-score thousand ducats together which he brought to Spain, whereof the emperor borrowed a part, which he repaid again with 60,000 reals of plate in the rent of the silks of Grenada." And then we are informed that the captain "took steward, usher, pages, a gentleman of the horse, a chamberlain, lackeys and all other officers that the house of a noble may require." From Seville he went to the court, accompanied by several of his Peruvian associates—each of whom brought with them 14,000 or 15,000 ducats, and all of them "costly apparelled."

This was the mode of securing *favors* at that court; and De Soto, by marrying into the powerful noble family of Bobadilla, succeeded in obtaining what he desired—the governorship of Cuba and Adelantado or President of "Florida"—(now all the southern section of the United States.)

He entered upon his scheme of invading Florida at once. That land, then but little known, had been the grave of many a Spanish adventurer. Ponce de Leon hearing that it contained the *Fountain of Youth*—to bathe in whose waters was to renew youth, make the old young again, and give the frame unwonted vigor—sought for the fountain, effected a landing at San Augustine, (1512,) was attacked by the natives and driven back to his ship, himself mortally wounded. In 1520 Vasquez de Ayllon visited the shores of Florida, with another expedition, but was slain and the expedition returned to Cuba. In 1528 Pamfilio de Narvaez landed on the shores of Tampa Bay, penetrated the country, finding neither the fountain, nor gold, nor any but very savage people, and returned to the sea-coast in a most hapless condition.

After such discouragements none but a resolute heart would have attempted the conquest; and De Soto was that heart. Like Cortez and Pizarro, he was the incarnation of personal courage, and, like them, ambitious to become the master of a realm; so he fitted out, with his own great wealth, a fine fleet, and sailed, April 6th, 1538, for Cuba. In his ranks were many noblemen and persons of consideration, lured by his own great reputation and by the hope of glory and gold such as the followers of Cortez and Pizarro had won. Stopping a year at Cuba to fully organize for the invasion and conquest of Florida, he sailed for Tampa Bay and landed there, early in June, 1539.

His force consisted of over 600 carefully selected men, infantry, with 300 cavalry. All were splendidly equipped. With abundance of stores—a herd of swine, to let loose and increase, a large number of bloodhounds—such as Pizarro had used with terrible effect in Peru—the expedition gave promise of great success.

But no such civilization met his eyes as gladdened the rapacious sight of the conquerors of Mexico and Peru. The Indians of Florida were warlike and intractable. They already had experienced the nature of Spanish mercy. De Leon, and Narvaez and his confederates, all had practiced shocking cruelties upon them. The father of the reigning chief at Tampa had had his nose cut off, and his mother had been murdered after suffering horrid indignities, in company with other women of her tribe. Profiting by that experience they resisted De Soto's friendly advances. The cavalry, in scouring through the low country around Tampa Bay, secured several prisoners, from whom they ascertained that one of Narvaez' men was yet alive and only about twelve miles away. Part of the Indians were dispatched under a cavalry guard to secure this man, who was found to be Juan Ortiz. His residence of twelve years among the Indians made him perfectly familiar with their language—hence he was a valuable acquisition as interpreter, guide and messenger.

Leaving Tampa the march for the higher country was commenced. Tampa Bay was made a rendezvous for the vessels and a fort erected for permanent occupation. The march led along the coast, a few miles inland, striking from one Indian town to another. Everywhere these towns were found deserted, while occasionally the Indians would be found in hostile force. Conflicts occurred that warned De Soto of the dangerous character of the Floridian savages. Nowhere did he find anything like civilization. The towns were but collections of rude structures, scarcely meriting the names of houses, and the modes of living were primitive and simple enough. This was dismaying to knights bent on gold and glory. The severe march told on man and beast. Being in the hot season all that region was filled with malaria, and fever was rapidly developed.

But visions of a land of gold, pearls and high civilization still danced before them to lure them on. A chief, whom the expedition coerced into friendliness, gave them assurance of great wealth in the country to the west and north; so after foiling two attempts of the treacherous savages to betray and massacre the whole party, De Soto marched on toward "Apalachen"—as Narvaez had done before him, hoping there to find a city of wealth and savage refinement. A vast swamp—the same in which Narvaez had suffered so dreadfully as to drive him to despair—lay in his path. In its fastnesses everywhere the Indians had gathered, losing no opportunity to shoot down from their coverys any straggling Spaniard; but, after two days of exceeding labor, the expedition worked its way through, only to find the red warriors ready on their front, to harass their march. The "city" of "Apalachen" was at length reached after crossing the present Suance river, but only a deserted Indian town rewarded their search.

De Soto now sought the seashore, nine leagues away, where Narvaez had constructed vessels to reconvey the remnant of his wretched force back to Cuba. From thence he dispatched messengers to Tampa to order up the brigantines. His men began to sicken of their adventure, and urged his return. Florida was not any longer a glorious dream but a savage reality, of which they had had enough, but their leader would not thus abandon his hopes of conquest, and resolved to push far into the country, to the north, to win glory by his discoveries and explorations and to find nations which it would be worth while to conquer.

Inspired by this idea, he sent back his wife, Isabel de Bobadilla, and other ladies of rank, to Cuba, with orders for the brigantines to return, and he would meet them in six months at Tampa Bay. A delusive promise! Six months afterward found him floundering, in sad plight, in Northern Alabama and Mississippi, fighting his way into every town and suffering greatly for provisions.

North, east and west they ventured, killing and being killed, often reduced to the extremities of eating their bloodhounds and slain horses. At one place they met a foe worthy even of their prowess. It was at a walled town called Mavila (supposed to have been on the Alabama river, about 100 miles north from Pensacola). Into this village the Spaniards were permitted peacefully to enter, but were suddenly attacked, with such fierceness and loss as to be driven beyond the walls, abandoning all their baggage. The Indians, closing the rude gates, proceeded to plunder and destroy this baggage. The Spaniards assaulted the place by attacking on four sides at once. De Biedma, the chronicler, says: "We fought from morning until night without a single Indian asking for quarters. When night came only three Indians were found left, guarding the twenty women who had danced before us" (at their reception on the previous day.) "Two of these we killed, and the other, ascending a tree, took a string from his bow and hung himself from one of the limbs. We lost twenty men killed and had two hundred and fifty wounded." De la Vega, another chronicler, reports that above eleven thousand of the Indians were slain! Nearly a month was spent in recovering from this terrible contest, when the Spaniards departed for the north, taking with them, as was usual, all the women for "slaves."

This experience greatly discouraged the men, who wanted to make for the coast and brigantines, but De Soto, too proud to abandon his quest, said no! and still delayed by the reports of the captured Indians of great nations to the north, he started in the middle of November for "Chicaca" (supposed to be the Chickasaw country). After twelve days' most disconsolate camp, in unusually cold weather, he found the country. It was peopled by a brave, fierce tribe who contested the river crossings and harassed the march. The adventurers suffered exceedingly for provisions, and finally, in sheer desperation, took possession of a village and forced the savages to give of their store. This the Indians did and retaliated by setting the village on fire and killing fifty-seven of the horses, as well as thirteen of the Spaniards. This severe usage was not all. Five days later De Soto had to fight a regular battle, with a large body of warriors; but, now being ready, he defeated them and tarried unmolested in their country for two months; after which he marched toward the north-west, to the "Alibano" country, and there again had to fight. The savages had planted palisades before their village to keep the Spaniard out. This the glory-seekers had to carry by storm and lost seven more men, but found within enough provision to last for ten days. Thus recuperated, they pressed on until the great river Mississippi was reached.

Romanian historians, giving the cue to the artist whose expansive painting of "De Soto discovering the Mississippi" graces the capitol at Washington, portray the joy, the enthusiasm, the proud exaltation of the chivalric host, who, with banners flying and trumpets blaring, and horses splendidly caparisoned, advanced to the banks of the Father of Waters to take possession of it for the emperor of Spain; but, the history stripped of romance is that the forlorn band, half-starved, ragged and anxious, looked upon the great water-course with dismay. They could not ford it. Out on its bosom were numerous canoes filled with the widely-arranged Indians, who haunted the invader's footsteps like wolves. Behind were starvation and death. Before them—what? Only the future could tell. To pass that stream was now their most eager wish, hoping that, once over its deep flowing channel they would find what they sought—a refuge in some semi-civilized land where they could rest and recuperate, and from whence they could find their way to New Spain. All hopes of returning to Cuba

* The decidedly "sensational" version of this affair, as it has found place in history, is to the effect that the rude Indian town was a city filled with large houses—that the Cacique Tuscahuas reigned there with absolute power, and that the Indians were dressed in costly robes and ornaments—that the women dressed with much magnificence, and were loaded with strings of pearls, etc., etc. It is only proper to say all this is sheer nonsense—the only "big talk" of men eager to magnify their exploits. Goodrich's account, in his "History of America," is simply laughably absurd.

by the return march had been abandoned. The only exultation felt at seeing the immense river was that when once it was crossed their troubles might end.

So they set to work to construct boats and flats on which to cross. This occupied nearly a month. Then they ferried over and marched away into what is now Arkansas—finding friendly Indians on the route and plenty of provisions, and at last settled down in one of the villages to stay a month for rest.

To follow the wanderers in their hopeless and now almost aimless quest, is merely to tell the story of weary marches west, hoping to reach the "South Sea," by which to sail to New Spain (Mexico); then to abandon that search and to travel north to an extensive Indian village, where Little Rock now stands; next, to see them wander off to the land of buffalo (among the hills of the White river); thus plunging around bewildered and confounded until they finally went into winter quarters "and suffered so much from the cold and the snow," says Biedma, "that we thought we all should have perished." There the interpreter Ortiz died. This was well up on the Arkansas river.

In March they dropped down this stream in boats, now having but little else than their persons to carry. They reached and sailed down the Mississippi to a populous province, where the Indians seemed friendly. De Soto tarried there, but sent on some of his men to find the great sea. He proposed to build brigantines in which to try and reach Cuba; but here—the mere shadow of his former self, literally worn out with exposure, suffering and anxiety—he sickened and died, May 21st, 1542.

His death was concealed from the savages, fearing that the fact of the whites being *mortal* would be fatal to their safety. His body was temporarily buried in the soil near the gate of the inclosure that surrounded the Spanish quarters, but the Indians becoming inquisitive and suspicious, in regard to his non-appearance, the body was taken up at night, its cloak heavily loaded with sand, and then was taken out in a single canoe and dropped overboard, in the middle of the river. The new leader, Moscoso, (named by De Soto to succeed him,) represented that his great captain had gone to heaven, to return again after several months.

Moscoso, abandoning all hope of reaching the sea, and not knowing where he was, started west to reach Mexico. He wandered off into what is now Central Texas, but in despair returned to the spot where De Soto had died. He spent the winter near where Helena, Arkansas, now is, and there built seven frail rough vessels, consuming over six months' laborious work. In these he started down the river, (July 2d, 1543) to find the sea or perish.

He was now again haunted by the Indians, who succeeded in cutting off a canoe having twelve Spanish soldiers in it. These, it is supposed, were put to the torture. For nineteen days they sailed to reach the sea—then ran down the coast to Panuco river—reaching there September 10th. "The inhabitants of Panuco," says La Vega, "were all touched with pity at beholding this forlorn remnant of the gallant armament of the renowned Hernando De Soto. They were blackened, haggard, shrivelled and half-naked, being clad only with the skins of deer, buffalo, bears and other animals, looking more like wild beasts than human beings."

And that was the melancholy end of the expedition which, four years and three months before, had entered upon a search for gold and glory.

Brave Barbara:
OR,
FIRST LOVE OR NO LOVE.

A STORY OF A WAYWARD HEART.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," ETC.

CHAPTER XII!

A SCENE, AND A STARTLING REVELATION.

It was a gloomy day in the middle of the month of November. The young earl sat at his favorite window—or, rather, reclined on the couch always placed for him there—looking out, with a savage glare, at the misty landscape which stretched out toward the hills. It was not one of his sunny mornings; his mood was in tune with the weather.

Over his handsome face lay a cloud of discontent, suspicion, anger; while his black eyes flashed, as if they saw something in the scene without to displease them.

He did not look like a young lover whom six brief weeks would bring to his wedding-day.

Yet, Lady Alice had promised to become his wife on Christmas day. And he loved her, as he had never thought to love a woman. Yet the very passion and fierceness of his love had only brought him a restless wretchedness which wore on his health more than sorrow and lovesickness had ever done. He suspected—and to one of his morbid feelings to suspect was to be miserable—that Lady Alice did not love him.

Even his dark imagination, however, did not picture half the truth. Poor, gentle little Alice, waxing paler day by day, and pitifully trying to be dutiful and appear fond of him, did, indeed, not love him, as he feared. That her father had exercised a tyrant's cruel authority to make her consent to accept the offered honor of an earl's hand, he did not know; nor how cunningly and persistently his own parent had worked in concert with Lord Ross to bring about the desired engagement. These things he did not see; but in place of these, he had become almost insanely jealous of his cousin Delorme. To his appearance at Dunleath Castle Herbert attributed Lady Alice's frequent fits of abstraction and melancholy—her white cheeks—her shrinking from his loverly approaches. Herbert had always been jealous of Delorme, of his splendid health, his fine scholarship, his agreeable social qualities. Many a time, in years gone by, he had said to himself that he would be glad to barter his inheritance for his cousin's.

Now, however, curiously enough—for he generally told her everything—he had made no complaint to his mother of his suspicions that Delorme was undermining him in Alice's regard. The wound was so very sore that he could not bear even her loving hand to touch it. And so the poison rankled and worked upon his physical malady, until his mother saw, with alarm, that he was failing instead of improving, an' less fit than ever to marry. She could scarcely wait for Christmas. She counted the days. She regretted that she had not persuaded Alice to set an earlier day. But not one feeling of pity for the unwilling and driven victim—the young girl who knew not where her elders were leading her—made her hesitate in the consummation of her purpose. She would have hurried it if she could.

Meantime she found Delorme useful in many

particulars, as there was considerable business to transact and several journeys to London to be made. Having convinced herself, by sharp observation, that he had no design of interesting Lady Alice in himself, but, on the contrary, was in some deep trouble of his own which made him almost rudely indifferent to her, the countess had graciously begged him to remain with them until after the wedding, and he had promised to do so.

Acute as she was, and ever on guard, the noble lady did not discover the truth with regard to Alice. She thought Alice as indifferent to Delorme as he was to her; for Nature had taught the girl how to guard the sacred secret of her unsought love.

Like the bird that chirps in another direction to draw the intruder from the nest where her little ones lie, so Alice, all untaught and innocent as the bird, yet knew the art to draw attention from her heart's hidden secret that lay trembling in the white nest of her young bosom. She loved Delorme. Ah! how many and how burning were the tears which soaked into her pillow night by night! From the first moment when he had drawn near the countess and herself in the rose-garden, her whole being had gone out to him. She knew that he did not care for her—that it was written in the book of Fate that she must wed the Earl of Dunleath—meek, timid, obedient, it had not, thus far, entered her mind to rebel—to refuse her imperious father, to offend the haughty but kind countess—to do anything, in short, but to submit, and to sacrifice herself to the will of others.

Yet the time was to come when such thoughts would urge themselves upon her. There had been more than the average number of gloomy days in this month of November. The weather always affected Herbert. This particular morning it oppressed and unnerved him. His mother had chosen, two days before, to visit London, to give some orders about Lady Alice's *trouseau*, and would not be home for another two days. It was nearly twelve o'clock and Lady Alice had not been near him. His cousin had barely stepped in, after breakfast, to inquire how he had spent the night, and gone immediately out again.

Herbert was torturing himself with imagining that Delorme was with Alice, making love to her—that these two were having a fine time amusing themselves, while he was shut up in this hateful chamber whose luxury could not make it endurable to him, especially in his present mood.

Therefore, the flame of red in his pale cheeks, the glow of suppressed rage in his black eyes.

Presently he rung a hand-bell, on a small table at the head of his sofa. Jackson appeared at the first tinkle.

"Where is my cousin Delorme, this morning?"

"I am not certain, your lordship, but I think he is in the library, writing letters, or looking over papers."

"Ah! very much engaged, I dare say. Do you know where the Lady Alice Ross is spending the morning?"

"I do not, your lordship. It is my impression she is in her own room."

"Find out, by her maid, and send her word that I should be honored by a visit from her, if she is not too seriously engaged otherwise."

"Yes, your lordship," said Jackson, bowing, disappeared.

The earl set his white teeth together, and the nails of his fingers pressed into the palms of his hands.

"I'll wager all the books in it, that she is in the library with Delorme," he muttered to himself.

"A delightful opportunity they are having to enjoy each other's society. My cousin has always had the advantage of me. D—him! I expect he will continue to have to the end. Fate is against me. I feel like cursing myself, since God has cursed me."

"It won't do—I can tell him it will not do for him to interfere between Alice and me! I would choke him to death with my own fingers before I would remain idle and know that those soft arms of hers had been about his neck. He must look out, and not make mischief. Curse her! she's shy enough with me. It's more than I can do to persuade her to a kiss; but I'll warrant me, she has given her a dozen since breakfast."

"Mother, you had no right to go away at this time, leaving them together. It was not kind—it was not wise of you. The library is just under these apartments of mine; I wish I could see through the floor. How long a time she takes to come!"

Lady Alice gazed at her prostrate lover, writhing in spasms, with terror, repugnance and wonder. She knew not the meaning of the frightful fit, and thought Herbert to be dying.

Even then her concern for Delorme was greatest; she ran to his side.

"Oh, are you hurt?" she gasped.

Delorme held up his left arm, from the sleeve of which the blood was trickling.

"It is only a flesh-wound, and not in the least dangerous," he answered her, a little pale, but smiling to assure her.

"Are you certain?" she asked, shuddering.

"Positive!" he returned, cheerfully.

Then she looked again at Herbert. Jackson had gone for assistance in carrying his young master to his rooms. The earl lay on the floor, a distressing object for a sensitive girl's observation; all his splendid beauty distorted, and his features horrible to look at, his eyes rolled up, the froth oozing from between his teeth.

"What is the matter with him?" she asked of Delorme.

"It is only one of his ordinary epileptic attacks," he answered, expecting to quiet her alarm.

"Epileptic!" she echoed, her large eyes opening wider still.

"You knew he was subject to them?" Delorme said, uneasily.

"Never! They have purposely deceived me! And papa is willing I should marry that man living there!"

Then Delorme looked at her pityingly, for the first time perceiving how her elders and advisers had laid a trap for the ensnaring of this poor young creature.

CHAPTER XIV.

A NEW LOVER AND STRANGE PERIL.

PETER RENSELLAER, the proud old aristocrat, was disconcerted—not to say, vulgarly, dumbfounded—when his nephew announced to him that Barbara had consented to marry him if her father made no objections; and that Barbara herself had fixed the wedding-day for Christmas.

Herman was well enough; but he was not the man to fill the eye of the proud father. Why could not Barbara—naughty, self-willed, untameable as she was—have fixed upon him if her father made no objections; and that Barbara herself had fixed the wedding-day for Christmas?

Herman was miserably happy.

It was not that he felt wretched because Barbara did not love him; he was elated at the certainty of obtaining an heiress, and would willingly have taken her, knowing that she hated him, if he could only have ruled her; but she was the master, and contrived to make his daily life uncomfortable in every way she could invent; and she betrayed great ingenuity in inventing new methods of mortifying and teasing him.

"Wait until you are my wife, Miss, and I'll have my revenge!" was the only consolation Herman had; and this he *thought* but did not dare to say.

In memory of the betrothal-party she had once given Barbara insisted that this engagement should be kept a profound secret.

She was full of whims and contradictions, ruling the whole household with a high hand. Aunt Margaret got very nearly out of all patience with her, and threatened to return home. But when she saw how pale and listless the girl was, whenever the necessity for wearing the mask was removed, she pitied her and felt for her deep concern.

"She is ruining her life by this hasty marriage with Herman; she despises him; and she is only doing this to hide how badly she feels over the other affair. I am going to remonstrate with her—seriously. I shall not be put off by any of her queenly airs. She shall listen to me," said the old lady to herself, putting her foot down very hard as she said it.

And she did make naughty Barbara listen to her. They had a long, long talk that very night, and the girl cried, and told her about Mrs. Courtemay's second letter, and how that she was glad Delorme should know she could wed as quickly as he could.

Aunt Margaret did not try to break up this foolish state of feeling by reasoning; she pondered awhile; formed a plan; told part—only a part—it to Barbara; and the result of all was that Mr. Rensselaer and Herman were startled, next morning at breakfast, by the announcement from the spinner that she and her niece were going to Paris to purchase the bridal finery.

"We have five weeks to do it in," she said; "time enough! and the poor, pale child needs an ocean voyage."

"But it's a very inclement, unsafe season of the year to be on the sea," expostulated the father.

"Our fall gales are over. We shall have settled weather," retorted aunt Margaret.

"But—coming back."

"It is seldom stormy just before Christmas."

"I think you might wait, cousin, and take the journey with me," complained Herman, dreadfully uneasy at anything which took Barbara so far from him—the bright certainty of his marriage seemed fading out into a dream.

Barbara flashed at him a look from the depths of her dark eyes which withered him.

"Do not dictate until you have the right, cousin Herman," was her only reply to his tender suggestion, and he dared make no more positive objection.

It was with a forlorn feeling which he in vain tried to shake off that Herman, the following day at a little past noon, watched the steamer put out into stream and down the bay, which carried off aunt Margaret and Barbara—the latter supplied by her doting father with letters-of-credit representing sums large enough to purchase a solid chest full of wedding things of the costliest.

His bride-to-be had graciously given him three fingers to shake at parting! He had had a source of uneasiness deeper than the fear of winter gales. He could not forget that Delorme was on the other side of the water. The more he thought of it the less he liked it; but he could not help himself.

Mr. Rensselaer, on the contrary, was not so sorry as he had been at first. The weather promised favorably; and it chanced that Mr. Arthur Granbury, the magnificent millionaire, sailed on the same steamer with Barbara, having been unexpectedly called to France to manipulate a huge scheme for a stock-company in certain new mines in Nevada.

The father, having informed the polite and delighted young financier that his daughter and sister had no male protector on the voyage, saw that Mr. Granbury willingly assumed such charge of them as they would permit.

"Barbara may get over her foolish notion about Herman, after all," thought Peter on his way back to his deserted mansion. "I shall warn my nephew to keep very close about the affair," and he did give orders that nothing should be said about the expected marriage.

On board the ship a similar reticence prevailed. Aunt Margaret informed young Granbury that she had advised her niece to an ocean voyage for her health. He became their devoted attendant. He contrived that the story of Miss Rensselaer's bravery in Central Park should be whispered about; and every passenger and officer on board the ship were ardent admirers of the beautiful young lady—so very young, to have done so grand a thing.

Her short hair, crisping in the cunningest curls about her haughty, elegantly-shaped head, served to illustrate the danger she had run, and the pain she had suffered. She did not like her clipped locks, but others considered them her crown of glory. Her loveliness, her riches, her family name, and her courage, made her a heroine to whom all were eager to do homage.

Arthur Granbury "saw, marked, and inwardly digested." He was very ambitious of social distinction, and here was a young lady who would do infinite honor to such a home as he intended setting up in some aristocratic quarter of the American Paris. He thought her extremely beautiful, and he admired her imperiousness more than anything else about her. Those straight black brows and that indomitable pride which flashed in those glorious eyes were charming to him. He coveted a queen for a bride.

Alas! that pride of Barbara's had already made her do two worse than foolish things—caused her to dismiss the man she loved with out a hearing; and to tie herself by a promise to another whom she looked down upon.

But the young broker knew nothing of all this—he had not even heard of Miss Rensselaer's engagement, and the manner in which it was broken off. Hour by hour and day by day he became more madly infatuated with her. Barbara did nothing to encourage him; but he was so impetuous that she could not frown down the ardor with which he waited upon her. All she could do was to resolve to herself that she should not be mortified by a refusal of his hand from her—she would prevent his making her offer of it.

It was the eighth afternoon of the voyage, a mild day for so late in November. The sea was as tranquil as in summer. Many of the lady passengers, wrapped in waterproofs and shawls, were on deck, enjoying the cold, fresh, but not freezing air.

Aunt Margaret and Barbara had seats by the railing, and Mr. Granbury, as usual, was devoting himself to them.

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The sun would soon sink in his watery bed; there was a rosy glow around the far horizon, and it was reflected on Barbara's sweet, solemn face—solemn, for she had grown thoughtful in viewing the sublimity of sea and sky.

"How lovely she is!" thought Arthur, his eyes fixed on her the more freely that her gaze wandered over the purpling water. "In two days, or three at the most, we shall part. I wish that good aunt of hers would ever leave us a moment alone together! She is kind, but she is a dreadful bore—under the circumstances! And she cannot take a hint. I shall be obliged to speak for her hearing, at last; for declare myself I will, before we two part."

Perhaps Barbara read his purpose when, on turning her calm gaze from the sunset sea, she met his impassioned eyes, for she blushed; and as he saw the slow, rich color gather on her pale cheeks, he could no longer control himself, but bent and murmured in her ear, too low for the aunts to overhear:

"Miss Rensselaer, I will say it—I love you madly."

"Forbear, I beg of you!" whispered Barbara, in return, the color dying out and leaving her face white and troubled-looking.

At that moment there was evident confusion and excited movement on another part of the deck. People looked that way, idly wondering what it was about, and returned to their books and their chat.

"Nothing can prevent my telling you so, and running my chance," repeated the young gentleman, so excitedly that aunt Margaret, deep in the pages of a novel, looked up and began to observe.

At this crisis the commotion on deck greatly increased; the passengers, as by one impulse, arose to their feet. Every alarm at sea causes a sudden trepidation of heart and an instinctive looking about as for a place of refuge. Alas! with the treacherous water everywhere about them, what refuge is there from the ship which proves more treacherous still? One hushed instant, and the cry of "Fire!" rings out terribly distinct. "Fire!" Yes; the most dreaded of all horrors is there before them; long tongues of flame creep up about the smoke-stack, and a cloud of hot smoke pours into their faces.

"My God!" murmured Arthur Granbury. "Miss Rensselaer, the ship is on fire!"

"I know it," replied Barbara, reaching out her hand to her aunt. "What shall I do?"

"emain at this exact spot. I will see how much danger there is. Do not leave this, for I will be sure to come here for you. Meantime, here are two life-preservers; put them on. Can you do it for each other?"

"Yes," answered Barbara, beginning to do it for her aunt, who trembled so that she could do nothing for herself.

Granbury darted away. An officer whom he questioned told him that there were still some hopes of extinguishing the fire; but that orders had been given to lower the boats so that they would be ready in case of necessity.

"One thing more," persisted the young banker, as the officer broke away from him. "Have I a chance to get to my state-room?"

"Plenty of chance; if you do not stay too long."

Granbury darted down the stairs and along the passage, stifling with smoke, and showing a red gleam at the far end. He tore into his room, caught at a queer-looking package on the bed, undressed himself in half a minute, and reclothed himself in an odd dress—a patent swimming-suit, or life-preserving garment, which he had been ridiculed for purchasing, and which, indeed, he had little expected to use. He was on deck again inside of three minutes. What a change those three minutes had made for the worse! He had to fight his way through flame to reach the staircase and the deck; and when he got out, the people were gathered at one end, and the hot breath of the fire was already nearly scorching them, while strong men, mad with fear, were pushing aside the ladies and children whom the officers were endeavoring to lower safely into a boat.

Granbury rushed to the spot where he had left the two ladies. They had obeyed him and

remained quiet. Aunt Margaret seemed paralysed; but Barbara, though white as death with horror, was ready to obey orders. With one sharp glance she saw that their life-preservers were properly adjusted and expanded.

"Come!" he cried, dragging each by the hand. "I will fight a way for you into the boat!"

But when he got to the side of the steamer, Barbara sternly declared that her aunt should go first; and the elder lady was safely lowered, and then the cry came up that the boat was nearly swamped and that not another soul must attempt to get into her.

"Good-by, auntie," called out Barbara's thrilling voice, and then Granbury hurried her to the other side of the steamer, where another boat was being lowered. As usual in such cases it reached the water bottom-side up. It was righted, and the frantic people swarmed in until the officers held them back, and Barbara had not been one of the chosen; and the over-freighted boat, in poor order, and leaking, went down not twenty feet from the burning steamer.

And now the hot breath of the eager flames blew in her pale face, and she shrank and clung to her protector's arm, who looked about wildly for the means of saving her; but the fire was now too fierce, playing about the other boats before they could be launched, and men were leaping into the water to escape a more dreadful death, and even the captain gave up all for lost.

Granbury threw half a dozen deck-stools into the water.

"You will have to jump," he said; "I will come after you, and support you. Perhaps we may yet be saved."

"I cannot," murmured Barbara, drawing back.

"Have courage, my darling," urged her companion.

The heat of the flames became intolerable, and she consented for him to lift her to the railing, and leaped into the chilling waves—or rather, was driven, for at that moment a wild fire was breaking out, playing about the other boats before they could be launched, and men were leaping into the water to escape a more dreadful death, and even the captain gave up all for lost.

When Barbara regained consciousness, after being stunned by the shock of the cold water, she found herself lashed to a stool, which, with the aid of her life-preserver, enabled her to keep her head above water. For a brief time excitement gave her fictitious warmth and strength, while the cheering words of Arthur Granbury, who swam by her side, encouraged her to attempt the struggle for life. But the water was benumbing, the sun had set, and the prospect was fearful. She dimly saw other creatures, like herself, dotting here and there the lurid waves, while the burning ship, now some distance away, cast an awful light over the scene. A boat passed them, but the mate, who had command of it, answered Granbury's appeal, that it would be the death of all to take another person on board.

An half-hour, which seemed an eternity, went by. The ship, far away, appeared like a dying lamp against the darkening horizon. Not a soul remained in sight—all their friends and companions had gone down or drifted away.

"How do you bear it? Are you holding on?" anxiously inquired the man who had suddenly become Barbara's friend in this dire emergency.

"Oh, I am so cold! Chilled to the very heart. I may as well die at once," chattered she.

"Alas! if I could warm you in my heart! But, at least, we can die together. I know, now, how much I love you, dearest."

And Barbara's white cheeks, drenched with the bitter waves, no longer blushed at these devoted words.

"Shall I pray for you?" she asked. "I will. You have been noble and good to me."

There was a short silence; then the sinking girl spoke again:

"Perhaps you will not die. If you are resolute, tell paper how I love him and bless him. How are you getting on, anyway?"

"If the water were not so cold, I could float for a day—two days, any length of time. This apparatus works admirably. I am not in the least fatigued. Should I become so, I could turn on my back and rest, even sleep. I wish good-night."

"How good—you—" Barbara could not finish; the words were frozen on her lips; she was dying from exhaustion.

Granbury, who, all this time, had been partially supporting her with one arm, turned over on his back, and with his free hand felt in a compartment of his dress for a small flask. Dropped it out, opened it with his teeth, and held close to the pale lips of the dying girl. She was almost too far gone to swallow, but she made the effort, and the brandy ran like fire through all her chilled veins, and revived her wonderfully.

Carefully recorking the bottle and screwing down the metal top, Granbury restored it to its place and buttoned up the pocket.

Yet he was in despair. He knew the relief must be but temporary. Vainly his half-blinded eyes, smarting with brine, looked about over the endless waste. No promise of help could be discerned through the deepening twilight.

He could no longer see the fated steamer.

In a few moments, indeed, he thought it had disappeared on the horizon; but he soon found that what he took to be the ship, still blazing, was the rising full moon, coming up large, bright, and calmly glorious, as if no suffering human creatures were watching her with failing eyes.

"If the water were not so cold!" thought Granbury, "it would be a comfort to have the moon all night. But neither of

The hairs broke loose, but not until the sheriff lay upon the very verge of the abyss. Jack Gabriel sprung over his animal's head to lend his assistance, but he was too late. Without a sound, though he must have felt that death was at his feet, Hayes slipped over the edge, and fell down—like a shot.

His followers could distinctly hear the double *thud* as horse and man struck upon the rocks, far below. Horrified, they peered over the escarpment. Over a hundred feet below lay the two bodies, both close together, apparently dead. One breathless moment, then the entire party hastened ahead or turned back, to reach the body of their leader. Imagine their joyful surprise, on reaching the bottom; Jack Hayes greeted them with a laugh—faint to be sure, but far from what a dead man might be supposed to utter. His escape had been little short of miraculous. The brief struggle upon the ledge, before falling, was what had saved him. Shooting down, feet foremost, he struck fairly upon the animal's carcass. Yet the accident was enough to decide his share in the coming fight. Though no bones were broken, his limbs and muscles were so severely strained that every motion was agony. He did insist upon being aided into the saddle, but ten minutes' work conquered even his iron will.

"That settles it, boys!" he muttered, with a groan more of intense disappointment than of pain. "It's good-by Joaquin, for me! I'm clean knocked up. It needn't matter much, though, for the rest of you. You know what we started for. There's Jack Gabriel—he can lead you just as well as I could—you can't elect a better captain. Only remember: there must be only one leader, whoever you choose. What he says must be law. Wherever he goes, you must follow. Promise me this; then the sooner you light out, the better I'll feel."

This proposal was greeted with cheers. Next to Hayes, Arkansaw Jack was the most popular leader that could have been found in those parts.

"Ef we do run the devils down," said Jack from Arkansaw, earnestly. "Ef we do run 'em down, boss, they'll each one of us sellers put in a lick for you."

Hayes did not reply, but impatiently motioned them on after the trackers, who had not even paused when the sheriff went over the cliff's side. He was left with plenty of food, water, and everything he could possibly require. He listened intently until the hoof-strokes died away, then coolly commenced to bathe his bruises with whisky.

Steadily the Man-hunters pressed on, nor did they make a regular halt until the darkness of night made further trailing impossible. At times through the day, when the trackers were picking out the trail in an unusually rocky or barren spot, the men would dismount and allow their animals to pick a mouthful of grass. By this means, though rarely proceeding faster than a moderate trot, a considerable distance was covered in the day, and when they went into camp, that night, they were not ten miles from the valley in which the outlaws had sought refuge, though they, of course, were ignorant of the fact.

With the first gleam of day—a day that stands prominent in the blood-stained annals of the Golden State—the Man-hunters took the trail again. The events which are to be recorded are matters of history. Though the details may not be pleasant, they are given a place here because from that day began *Joaquin Murietta's last ride*.

The sun was an hour high when the keen eyes of Arkansaw Jack caught sight of a small party of horsemen, some distance ahead of them. Their trappings were plainly those of Mexicans or native Californians. This, added to their precipitate flight, convinced the Man-hunters that a portion of their game at least was afoot.

All thoughts of tracking was now at an end. With wild yells of triumph, the men, led by Gabriel, spurred forward in hot pursuit. The chase was a thrilling one, over rocks and crevices, along abysses, now crossing deep chasms in breakneck leaps—in two instances fatal ones. One outlaw and one miner found a grave hundreds of feet down below; but the chase swept on without a pause or thought of the dead.

Under any other circumstances, Arkansaw Jack would scarcely have run into the trap he did, but with the fugitives little more than a rifle-shot ahead, their animals losing ground inch by inch, not one among the pursuers suspected the truth—that they were being decoyed into a cunningly-contrived ambush; yet such was the case.

Knowing that he would assuredly be pursued, Joaquin determined to strike a blow that would not soon be forgotten. He placed lookouts upon the surrounding peaks; he sent out small parties of scouts, with instructions to lure the enemy into the trap, at all risks. His orders were obeyed. His sentinels saw the chase, and, only waiting to make sure that it was leading in the right direction, hastened down to take their share of the fight.

From that direction the valley (called Arroyo Cantura) could be entered only by one trail. A narrow defile led through the high, precipitous hills. Twenty feet above the level began a series of ledges, thick strewed with boulders and ragged fragments of rocks; affording the best of cover for an army, if needed. Here had Joaquin placed his ménage, in four bodies—two for each hill—some fifty yards apart.

Through this defile spurred the decoy, not one hundred yards ahead of the Man-hunters. On—on, until fairly within the jaws of death. Then Arkansaw Jack, who led, caught sight of a few tents in the valley beyond, and divining the truth, as by instinct, abruptly halted. But his warning cry was blended with the trumpet-like voice of Murietta, as he arose from his covert and fired the first shot in that horrible massacre.

What followed can scarcely be described. The walls seemed to vomit forth death to hapless horse and rider alike. One terrible storm of bullets—then came a perfect avalanche of stones and boulders, crushing and maiming man and beast as they thundered down the narrow pass. The screams and groans of agony—oh! they were heartrending! Yet—high above all rose the shrill laugh of the outlaw chief; and then his words:

"Remember my wife—remember my brother!"

Five brief minutes were enough. So complete was the surprise, so deadly the attack, that not a dozen shots were fired by the Man-hunters—and those at random.

Then the smoke arose, the dust settled, and the scene was revealed in all its horror. Words are powerless to limn that picture. Enough that over two score men and horses lay in one mangled heap, dead!

Three-Fingered Jack was among the first to scramble down the rocks. With a snarl of wolfish delight he flung himself upon the horrid heap, cutting and slashing with his knife

at dead and dying alike. A devil in human shape, he fairly revelled in blood.

Joaquin saw one of the figures move, and bent over it. He saw that it was none other than Jack Gabriel, who had twice before tried to kill or capture him, and a bitter smile curled his thin lip. The wounded man's eyes opened, and as he recognized the face bending over him, he tried to draw a weapon. Joaquin dexterously kicked the pistol out of his hand, and calling two of his men, he bade them carry the man into camp. He followed them, leaving his men to plunder their victims at will.

He himself examined Jack's wounds, and then sent for an old woman, who grumbly dressed them under his own eye. During all this, Gabriel was cursing the outlaws and almost weeping over the sad fate of his comrades in the same breath.

"You are hard on us, señor," quietly said the outlaw. "What could we do? You came to kill us, and would have done so, had we not killed you. Be thankful that you are alive."

"I'd rather die than to owe my life to such as you," groaned the wounded miner. "Kill me an' hev done with it—for, by the eternal! I'll kill you ef ever I git a chance!"

At this moment Three-Fingered Jack came up, and as he heard these words, he leaped toward the prostrate figure, his blood-dripping knife ready for work. But Joaquin interferred, sternly ordering the assassin back.

"Let me kill him!" muttered the brute, licking his thick lips, the devil in his eyes. "Hear how I insults you, captain!—do let me touch him up with my knife! He's the one who slashed open my face—it burns like fire—only his heart's blood can cool it now!"

As though unable to control his insane rage, he sprang forward and buried his knife twice in the very hilt in the prisoner's heart, before a finger could be raised to prevent him.

"There—I swore I would—I've rubbed him out!" cried Manuel Garcia, facing Joaquin boldly.

"And by the eternal! I'll kill you for it!" grated Joaquin, cocking his revolver, and covering the murderer.

"Shoot!" boldly cried the assassin, tearing open his shirt. "Shoot! if you have so many friends you can spare me!"

For an instant Joaquin hesitated, his finger upon the trigger. Then the weapon was slowly lowered, without being discharged.

"For this once, then, I spare your life. But look out for the next," he said, coldly, as he turned away from the spot.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ZIMRI COUNTS A "COUP."

Neither Little Volcano nor Zimri Coon were concerned in the massacre. Though they had kept with Joaquin until the Arroyo Cantura was reached, it was only that the boy miners might be rid of his handcuffs. While following the outlaw, they had decided to leave him at the earliest possible moment, though what course they would then pursue was still doubtful.

Little Volcano accepted the weapons as frankly as they were offered, pressing the outlaw's hand warmly. Zimri Coon was even less scrupulous, and when Joaquin made his remark about the horses, the old miner bluntly replied:

"We're willin' to run the risks of *you*, be, boss. They ain't no need tellin' you as how we don't hanker overly much a' sturrin' into the groups o' Jack Hayes an' his outfit—twouldn't be healthy. No more need I tell ye that the boys won't lose much time in takin' up your trail, fer I reckon you know them jest as well as I do. Lowin' this, then, it pears to me the funder we git away from this yere, the better we'll feel, sence, even of we did stay long' o' you, we couldn't fight aginst them."

"I could wish you would stay—not only for the time being, but forever," earnestly replied Murietta. "I know—you would say that this is impossible. Very well; let it drop, then. Only, remember—if ever you feel in need of a stout arm and a true heart, Joaquin Murietta will be only too glad to answer."

"You've done more now than I can ever hope to repay," warmly cried the boy miner.

"That's true enough—durned o' tain't! But you was talkin' bout hoses. Tears like you've got plinty—more'n you'll ever need; I reckon we'll borry the loan of a couple..."

The outlaw chief bade them take their choice from the rude corral, and when this was done, he had them fitted with bridles, saddles and all accoutrements, ready for the road. After this the leave-taking was brief. Both parties were anxious to be left to their own devices, and mounting, the two miners rode out of the valley, only breathing freely when a mile was put between them and the Arroyo Cantura.

"I reckon we're the only two honest men as ever'll be able to say that!" exclaimed Zimri, emphatically.

"And I hope we have seen the last of them," gloomily rejoined Little Volcano. "Since that day when I first met him, everything has gone wrong with me. Only for I know I would not be a fugitive—an outlaw, thief, assassin, as men will call me! Ah, old man, if you had not been such a faithful friend—if you had thought of yourself, not of me—twould all be over now. Either I would stand cleared in the sight of men, or all would be forgotten in my grave."

Zimri made no reply, but rode on in silence. He knew that the surest way would be to let his comrade have his thinking spell out once for all, and trust in time for banishing the gloomy visions.

They rode on as rapidly as the nature of the ground would permit, and put good ten miles between them and the outlaws' retreat ere the wanling light warned them to seek a camping place. Their preparations were simple enough. Joaquin had provided them plentifully with cold meat and bread; the weather was warm enough to render them comfortable without the aid of a fire, whose light might attract unfriendly eyes. So, lighting their pipes, they lay upon the greensward beside the path.

Little Volcano was the first to break the silence.

"Old man," he said, quietly but firmly, "I've been thinkin' it all over, and I've made up my mind to go and give myself up—"

"Not to them fellers!" spluttered Zimri, amazed.

"Yes. I'd rather be shot or hung at once than to have to sneak and dodge from hole to hole, seeing an enemy in every man. I haven't done anything to be ashamed of. I'll not let them call me a coward, as well as the rest."

"It'd be clean suicide—you wouldn't stan' the ghost of a chance! No, lad; you must think better of it. You've got more enemies than you think. They're bound to hunt you down, ef you give 'em the fust chaine. Jest low for a while, an' it'll all blow over."

"To turn up again wherever I may go. No, Zimri; you mean well enough, but you don't know me, yet. I couldn't live such a life. To know that people suspected me of such foul crimes—it would be a living death! No—I

will have it settled one way or another. If the worst comes—well, it won't matter much. They will say it runs in the Fletcher blood. Only—there's one thing I'd like cleared up, first. You remember what I told you, that night, about my brother?"

"An' them pictures—yes," grunted Zimri; then, with sudden excitement, he added: "Why, you don't think he's Crazy Billy—you don't think he's your brother?"

"No—that is impossible. As I told you, he was hung—and buried; I saw them put him into his grave. And yet—those pictures! They are scenes from that—those black days.

One face is that of my brother—the other that of Long Tom. Who could have drawn them? Not Long Tom, surely. But there was another man—there were two who swore away his life.

Before God! I believe Long Tom and this Crazy Billy are those two men—the ones I have sworn to hunt down and kill, by my murdered brother's blood!"

"Pears like we've run chuck up into a hornet's nest! Keep your eyes peeled, lad—they's no tellin' what dodges them critters'll be up to. Take it easy!"

"There were only two shots fired," muttered the boy miner, peering steadily around his corner; "and there go the fellows who fired them—look!"

Two men were retreating over the rocks and across the valley, making wonderful progress considering the nature of the ground. They were indeed the two comrades of Sleepy George, Cock-eyed Waddell and Ham-fat Zack.

Zimri, in accordance with the lessons taught him by a life of savage warfare, was taking considerable trouble to ascertain if the enemy had indeed all fled, when the hot-blooded impetuosity of Little Volcano cut the matter short. Darting swiftly he tore through the line of bushes, with revolver in readiness to drop his game, if flushed. Grumblingly, yet not without a feeling of admiration for the young fellow's recklessness, Zimri rejoined him.

"Look to your meat, old man," muttered the boy miner, as he pressed on to the spot where Crazy Billy lay in a pool of his own blood. With breathless anxiety, he stooped over the prostrate figure, moving it so as to lay bare the hurt. Through the left breast the rifle-bullet had passed, lodging just beneath the skin on his back. Only a close observer could tell that the hermit still lived. The pulse was faint and irregular, his heart barely fluttered beneath the boy miner's hand.

"I reckon he's a gone case," said Zimri, who had approached unheard. "When you git through, mebbe you'd like to take a squat at my meat. It's a' old frien' o' ours—Sleepy George won't steal no more chips!"

"I'll go with you, friend," said Hayes. "It might be unhealthy for you to show yourself in town alone, while they believe all this against you. Come on—"

At that moment came an interruption strange and startling indeed. A sharp, clear voice hailed them. They glanced hurriedly up, and beheld the figure of a man standing with a cocked and loaded revolver in each hand.

"You might as well take it easily, boys," the man added. "I've got the drop on you. Before you could touch a weapon, I could bore you through. I don't care about shooting, unless you force it upon me. But I've sworn to take you both—and I'll do it, dead or alive!"

"And you're the only man that *can* do it, Jack Hayes," coolly replied Little Volcano, never stirring.

"Even you couldn't, if we weren't willing. Quick as you are, I could spring under cover of that rock before you could pull trigger—then where would you be?"

"If you try it on, you'll see," laughed the sheriff.

"Don't dare me to, then. Honestly, you are the man of all others whom I most wanted to see. You may not believe it, but I was on my way back to Hard Luck to stand my trial. To prove it, I surrender to you—see!"

As he spoke Little Volcano turned his back upon the sheriff, and unloosening his belt, cast his weapons into a clump of shrubbery some distance off. At his request, Zimri Coon followed his example, though reluctantly.

"There, captain," added the boy miner.

"You see we don't mean to give you more trouble than we can help. You can come down and take possession whenever you like. Only—*you* must let us attend to this poor devil, first."

Not to be outdone in confidence, Hayes replaced his weapons, and descended from the rocks, limping and still suffering considerably from his bruises. He stood by in silence while the comrades carefully examined the wound of Crazy Billy. Zimri removed the bullet, and bandaged the wound as well as he was able under the circumstances.

"If he recovers 'twill be a miracle," said the sheriff.

"I saw it all from the hill yonder, but too late to interfere. Then I recognized you too, and—you know the rest."

"You see me drap one o' your pet witnesses, then," grinned Zimri. "Threwed him cold'en."

"He kicks lively for a dead man," laughed Hayes, as Sleepy George suddenly attempted to arise, falling back with a hollow groan.

"But it may be all the better for you that he was not killed outright. I know that he lied some at the trial—maybe we can find out the truth of the matter, now. There's no harm in trying, anyhow."

The bummer closed his eyes with a bitter groan as he recognized the three faces bending over him. Probably the three whom he hated and feared more than the whole world besides. They examined his wound. The bullet had entered his left side, between two of the lower ribs. Scarcely any blood stained his clothes. The bullet had left scarcely more trace than would the sting of a wasp.

"He is bleeding inside," whispered Hayes, cautiously.

"Whatever we get out of him must be soon. You keep still, and let me manage it in my own way."

The acute spasm of pain passed away, and Sleepy George opened his eyes as Jack Hayes addressed him, sternly:

"You've reached the end of your rope at last, my man. As clear a case of malicious murder as ever I met with—and three good witnesses to prove it, too!"

"He made me—he swore he'd murder me if I didn't do it," groaned the bummer, his eyes quailing.

"Now see here, George, there's been a good deal of underhand work going on lately, and I believe you can clear it all up, if you choose.

I've got the whip-hand of you now, but I don't want to be too hard on you, unless you force it upon me. Tell you what I'll do. If you will tell me all you know—make a clean confession and sign it, I promise you that you shall not hang for this bit of work. I don't say you will escape all punishment, but I do say that I will not lay one finger upon you, nor attempt to bring you to justice in any way.

If you refuse, by the heavens above! I will string you up to the nearest tree with my own hands, before the words are cold upon your lips! Now take your choice."

"I ain't playin' no bugs onto me!" asked the wounded assassin, doubtfully.

"You have my word," was the quiet reply.

"I

A SQUARE ACHER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Alas, why is this precious tooth
So early doomed to fade?
I thought that it would not decay
For many a decade.
It aches as if it owed a grudge;
What can it be about?
And day and night it's on the jump,
And yet it don't jump out.
The peace of my small piece of mind
Is totally destroyed;
If it was gone it would not leave
A very aching void.
It was I who took out of it
How happy would I be!
I always used to bite with it,
And now it's biting me.
It has more nerve than I have got
I'm very grieved to say,
And frequently makes a start
To try and run away.
They say that every tree is known
Exactly by its fruits;
Oh, what a crop of aches can grow
Upon such little roots!
This tooth is now my enemy;
That long has been my friend;
My agony I can't express,
Though it's in my tongue's end.
So, doctor, set me in your chair,
(Oh, how the aching swells!)
And get your forceps, please, and pull
A tooth from some one else!
Or tell me if there hasn't been
Some way discovered yet
Whereby this tooth you could pull out
Without once touching it?
I'm not afraid to have it pulled,
And end my pain and sorrow;
But, doctor, now, you have more time
To pull it out to-morrow?

Yankee Boys in Ceylon:
OR,
THE CRUISE OF THE FLYAWAY.

BY C. D. CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS," "ROD AND RIFLE," "CAMP AND CANOE," ETC.

VI.—THE COBRA-COY AMONG THE ELEPHANTS.

The next day was a heavy one, and the Charmer said that he would find elephants and give them their first battle with the giant of the Ceylon forests. They had not yet seen one, although they had heard their trampling in the distance, and the natives at the last village had said that they had just been invaded by a great drove, which had trampled down their fields and caused great destruction. Another man told of a rogue elephant, who had his haunt near where they were now camped, and had killed three men within a month.

What is a rogue? As among human beings the rogue is not a pleasant character. On the contrary he is a rough, pugnacious individual of his giant race, living a solitary life; and, speaking in the vernacular, "always spoiling for a fight." They will charge anything they may chance to see, and in this jungle such creatures are dangerous, for the assailed man does not know his danger until the huge beast comes crashing out upon him.

There was a rogue, then, in this part of the forest, and they must guard against him, for they could not tell at what time he might take it into his head to charge through their camp, carrying death and terror in his track. There was great preparation for the attack upon the king of the forest; the large guns were brought out, and the boys prepared for desperate work. They were not prepared to fire thirty or forty bullets into one elephant to bring him down, as some of these African "hunters" do. They knew that the head of the elephant is vulnerable, and that the weapons they bore, if aimed truly, would bring down the giant at a single shot. Moreover, they were brave lads, and although conscious of some little nervousness as they marched out on the track, they determined each to do his part bravely, no matter what might happen.

Modo had long ago yielded the palm to the Charmer in matters of woodcraft, and followed him without jealousy. He knew that this man had spent years in the woods, in the haunts of the elephant and tiger, and strange stories were told of his wonderful power over the beasts of the forest. Some said that they trembled at his lightest word and obeyed him at a nod. No one believed more firmly in this power than Modo, and while he revered the Charmer as a man far above him, he would have given much to share his power.

They marched at early daybreak, trooping through the forest in Indian file, Abenhuia in front, and the coolies bringing up the rear. Some of them were in mortal terror, for a report had passed that the big rogue had been seen on the night before, not far from their camp. A half-hour's march brought them to the stream known as the Dvina-Ora. A deep, beautiful stream, the banks lined with trees of great size, in which monkeys of various shapes and sizes leaped and chattered wildly at the strange apparitions below them. A strange creature started up beside the stream, and looked at them fiercely, clashing its pointed jaws together. A beautiful creature of the lizard species, marked upon the back and sides like the cobra. Her long tongue was thrust out, and brandished like the tongue of a serpent. She might have been eight or nine feet long, and had four short legs, more like fins, as indeed they were when in the water.

"A cobra-coy!" cried Modo, evidently delighted. "She is laying her eggs in the sand, and will fight for them."

"Is she good to eat?" asked Ned.

"Oh, yes; you see." He caught up a heavy stick and leaped after her. The heavy tail swept the air and drove him back, but immediately he ran in, and struck the queer beast a rap upon the nose. As with most of the lizard tribe, a blow upon this part is fatal, and the cobra-coy was dead. The Cingalese scraped away the sand near where she had stood, and began to pick out the eggs which were buried a little below the surface. He found fifteen, about the size of a goose-egg, with very white shells, and very hard.

"These are her eggs," said Modo. "I will send her back to the camp, and to-night I will make you a soup which is better than turtle."

Two of the coolies lifted the cobra-coy upon their shoulders and ran back to the camp, with orders to join the party again at a certain point on the river. At the place where the cobra was killed was a ford, and they stepped through the water quickly, keeping a sharp lookout for alligators. Dick, who was the last one to cross, stepped upon a log which lay close to the bank, and began to stamp the water from his boots, when the log became suddenly endowed with life, and started for the water at a furious pace. Dick gave one jump, which would have made General Washington turn pale with envy, and alighted on the bank,

just as a big alligator, his jaws clashing together like castanets, plunged head foremost into the stream. Will at once dropped upon the earth, roaring with laughter, as the body of his big brother flew through the air. He was avenged; the adventure in the ant-hill was wiped out now.

"That was a lively log," said Dick, coolly. "I may thank my stars that I did not walk into his jaws. What are you roaring at, Will? did you eat anything disagreeable?"

"No; I was laughing to think—"

"Laughing! I thought you had a *cramp*, or the colic, or something of that kind. Let's get on."

Will followed, chuckling audibly as they proceeded, for he had been waiting his chance in silence ever since his bad luck of the day before. An hour passed, and they approached the hunting-ground, a circular glade in the forest, bounded by the river upon half its circumference. The timber was scattered in bunches, and in the open space was a short, green and very sweet grass, upon which the elephant loves to feed. The place was approached by a sort of causeway not more than twenty feet wide, and two hundred yards long. Upon each side of this place was a deep morass, through which it would be impossible for the game to pass.

"Wait," said the Charmer. "Here is the place where we must stand."

A huge teak tree stood close beside the causeway. This tree was hollow, and could be entered by a small opening at the base. The moment Will saw this, he claimed it.

"That will just suit him," said Ned. "He wants to get into a hole with his blamed old Winchester, and take advantage of innocent little elephants."

"Oh yes," said Will. "But I get the best of you in everything."

"Except in anti-hills," said Richard. "There, don't get mad, Will, but go into your hole, and pull the hole in after you. Now keep quiet, and you will be sure to get a shot. We will go on with Modo and the Charmer."

The captain had a huge elephant gun which he had bought at the Cape, although the boys laughed at it, and called it a mountain howitzer. But the captain cared nothing for their laughing.

"Now see," said the Charmer. "You know the ground, Captain Sawyer, for we have hunted elephants before. You take your bearers and go to the big stone in the bend of the river. They always come by that."

The captain hurried away, followed by his bearer.

"You, Modo," continued the Charmer, "take your young master to the place where the trees have fallen. He will be safe there."

Modo called to Ned and hurried away, and the Charmer was left with Richard and two coolies.

"Give them a little time to get to their place," said Richard. "Where are you going to take me?"

"You are one of those whom I love," said the Charmer, "and I am going to teach you how to hunt the elephant. You have heard it said that it takes many bullets to kill an elephant. Bah! they are fools, and the sons of fools who say so."

"What do you mean?"

"You shall see me stand and kill them with a single ball. You shall do it too, if you dare."

"I wouldn't give a penny for a hunt unless there was some little spice of danger in it," replied the young man. "I am with you, and whatever you do I will try to imitate to the best of my ability."

"You can do no more," said the Charmer.

"Let us begin the sport."

The Charmer carried a heavy double-barreled rifle, which he handled like a man who knew its use, and did not fear to trust his life to it. Richard used a breech-loader, considering it by far the most available weapon in any kind of field sports. He had the gun made especially to carry a very heavy ball, for such game as this. It was heavier than the common rifle, and a beautiful weapon. They stepped into the opening and began to cross toward a clump of trees which stood in the center.

"Stand here," said the Charmer, as he stepped among the trees. "I can tell you soon whether there are elephants at the river."

He was gone in a moment and Richard moved slowly along the edge of the clump of timber, when his attention was attracted to a rustling sound amid the leaves over his head. He looked up quickly, and saw a long, pliant cylinder wrapped like a snake about a handful of leaves. He had seen that peculiar cylinder too often to entertain a doubt that what he saw was the trunk of an elephant, engaged in feeding upon the leaves of the tree. He could now make out a gigantic body among the leaves.

The head of the elephant was vulnerable, and that the weapons they bore, if aimed truly, would bring down the giant at a single shot. Moreover, they were brave lads, and although conscious of some little nervousness as they marched out on the track, they determined each to do his part bravely, no matter what might happen.

Modo had long ago yielded the palm to the Charmer in matters of woodcraft, and followed him without jealousy. He knew that this man had spent years in the woods, in the haunts of the elephant and tiger, and strange stories were told of his wonderful power over the beasts of the forest. Some said that they trembled at his lightest word and obeyed him at a nod. No one believed more firmly in this power than Modo, and while he revered the Charmer as a man far above him, he would have given much to share his power.

There was a rogue, then, in this part of the forest, and they must guard against him, for they could not tell at what time he might take it into his head to charge through their camp, carrying death and terror in his track. There was great preparation for the attack upon the king of the forest; the large guns were brought out, and the boys prepared for desperate work. They were not prepared to fire thirty or forty bullets into one elephant to bring him down, as some of these African "hunters" do. They knew that the head of the elephant is vulnerable, and that the weapons they bore, if aimed truly, would bring down the giant at a single shot. Moreover, they were brave lads, and although conscious of some little nervousness as they marched out on the track, they determined each to do his part bravely, no matter what might happen.

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They marched at early daybreak, trooping through the forest in Indian file, Abenhuia in front, and the coolies bringing up the rear. Some of them were in mortal terror, for a report had passed that the big rogue had been seen on the night before, not far from their camp. A half-hour's march brought them to the stream known as the Dvina-Ora. A deep, beautiful stream, the banks lined with trees of great size, in which monkeys of various shapes and sizes leaped and chattered wildly at the strange apparitions below them. A strange creature started up beside the stream, and looked at them fiercely, clashing its pointed jaws together. A beautiful creature of the lizard species, marked upon the back and sides like the cobra. Her long tongue was thrust out, and brandished like the tongue of a serpent. She might have been eight or nine feet long, and had four short legs, more like fins, as indeed they were when in the water.

"A cobra-coy!" cried Modo, evidently delighted. "She is laying her eggs in the sand, and will fight for them."

"Is she good to eat?" asked Ned.

"Oh, yes; you see." He caught up a heavy stick and leaped after her. The heavy tail swept the air and drove him back, but immediately he ran in, and struck the queer beast a rap upon the nose. As with most of the lizard tribe, a blow upon this part is fatal, and the cobra-coy was dead. The Cingalese scraped away the sand near where she had stood, and began to pick out the eggs which were buried a little below the surface. He found fifteen, about the size of a goose-egg, with very white shells, and very hard.

"These are her eggs," said Modo. "I will send her back to the camp, and to-night I will make you a soup which is better than turtle."

Two of the coolies lifted the cobra-coy upon their shoulders and ran back to the camp, with orders to join the party again at a certain point on the river. At the place where the cobra was killed was a ford, and they stepped through the water quickly, keeping a sharp lookout for alligators. Dick, who was the last one to cross, stepped upon a log which lay close to the bank, and began to stamp the water from his boots, when the log became suddenly endowed with life, and started for the water at a furious pace. Dick gave one jump, which would have made General Washington turn pale with envy, and alighted on the bank,

just as a big alligator, his jaws clashing together like castanets, plunged head foremost into the stream. Will at once dropped upon the earth, roaring with laughter, as the body of his big brother flew through the air. He was avenged; the adventure in the ant-hill was wiped out now.

"That was a lively log," said Dick, coolly. "I may thank my stars that I did not walk into his jaws. What are you roaring at, Will? did you eat anything disagreeable?"

"No; I was laughing to think—"

"Laughing! I thought you had a *cramp*, or the colic, or something of that kind. Let's get on."

Will followed, chuckling audibly as they proceeded, for he had been waiting his chance in silence ever since his bad luck of the day before. An hour passed, and they approached the hunting-ground, a circular glade in the forest, bounded by the river upon half its circumference. The timber was scattered in bunches, and in the open space was a short, green and very sweet grass, upon which the elephant loves to feed. The place was approached by a sort of causeway not more than twenty feet wide, and two hundred yards long. Upon each side of this place was a deep morass, through which it would be impossible for the game to pass.

"Wait," said the Charmer. "Here is the place where we must stand."

A huge teak tree stood close beside the causeway. This tree was hollow, and could be entered by a small opening at the base. The moment Will saw this, he claimed it.

"That will just suit him," said Ned. "He wants to get into a hole with his blamed old Winchester, and take advantage of innocent little elephants."

"Oh yes," said Will. "But I get the best of you in everything."

"Except in anti-hills," said Richard. "There, don't get mad, Will, but go into your hole, and pull the hole in after you. Now keep quiet, and you will be sure to get a shot. We will go on with Modo and the Charmer."

The captain had a huge elephant gun which he had bought at the Cape, although the boys laughed at it, and called it a mountain howitzer. But the captain cared nothing for their laughing.

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